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AN

# E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF

*Mr. Alexander Kilham,*

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL;

Who departed this Life at NOTTINGHAM, on THURSDAY,

*20th of December, 1798.*

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*Price Two-pence.*

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*An Elegy, &c.*

**W**HEN the loud din of war and clash of arms  
Subsides, and all Bellona's fierce alarms  
Complete the labours of the long campaign,  
And smiling peace resumes her gentle reign;  
The hero crown'd with conquest pleas'd throws by,  
The glittering spear, and the bright panoply  
Of warlike arms—He quits the hostile shore,  
His toils and dangers past, his battles o'er,  
He flees to greet once more his native land,  
And from his royal master's gracious hand  
Receives the laurels, which he won with pain,  
In the long siege, and on the well fought plain,  
In Sylvan scenes, to lose each anxious care,  
Forget his toils, and breathe the purest air  
Of sweet serenity. No more the sound  
Of thund'ring cannon shakes the trembling ground:

He listens to the lark and linnet's lay,  
 Enjoys the calm as much at ease as they,  
 Bids every rude tumultuous passion cease,  
 And triumphs in the gentle arms of peace.

So blessed KILHAM lays his armour by,  
 Quits the low earth and soars above the sky :  
 Long in the field the christian Soldier stood,  
 And wrestled hard with foes of flesh and blood,  
 And powers of darkness, rulers of the air,  
 Whose fiery darts ten thousand horrors bear :  
 Oft in black storms, the barbed mischief flies,  
 Obscures the sun, and darkens all the skies :  
 But KILHAM great in arms maintain'd the fight,  
 And unappall'd marched on thro' shades of night,  
 'Till brighter day arose, secure he stood  
 In all the glorious Panoply of God :  
 And the last foe subdu'd, he quits the place,  
 And more than conqueror thro' Almighty Grace :  
 To brighter fairer worlds he wings his way  
 Where perfect peace and everlasting day

Sweetly

Sweetly unite : there from Immanuel's hand  
 The mighty Monarch of that happy land,  
 Receives the glorious palm of victory,  
 Receives a gracious welcome to the sky :  
 He tunes his golden harp, and joins the throng  
 Of white rob'd Saints, who with melodious song  
 Incessant hymn the throne of God, and raise  
 Eternal anthems to Immanuel's praise ;  
 Thy Name they sing O Lamb of God ! for thou  
 Hast wash'd them in thy blood ; to thee they bow  
 And tell to wond'ring Seraphs what thy Grace  
 Hath done for sinners of the human race ;  
 Seraphs well pleas'd, attend, then join the lay,  
 And Saints and Angels shall thy love display :  
 The glorious theme shall run from Choir to Choir,  
 Tune every tongue and every harp inspire ;  
 Thy Name shall echo thro' the courts above,  
 With all the wonders of redeeming love.

Come gentle muse in softest lays record,  
 How lived, how died the servant of the Lord ;

Till

Tell how baptized with heavenly fire he ran,  
 To preach a God of Love to fallen man ;  
 He ran from north to south from east to west,  
 The love of Jesus burn'd within his breast,  
 To publish the good news of Gospel Grace,  
 And free Salvation to a fallen race :  
 Saved by this Grace himself, he long'd to tell  
 The boundless glories of IMMANUEL ;  
 Whose "*great compassion*," and unequalled love  
 He knew the world might taste, and see, and prove :  
 So full so free for every wounded soul,  
 He preach'd the BALM that makes the wounded whole :  
 Truth from his lips like softest music flow'd,  
 And all his theme the unbounded love of God :  
 Sweet consolation sat upon his tongue,  
 For mourning souls by sin's sad serpent stung :  
 A son of thunder to awake the dead,  
 While Sinai's lightning flashes over head.  
 Amidst a world of error faithful he,  
 Zealous for Gospel, Holy Liberty :

Firm



Firm as a brazen pillar KILHAM stood,  
 And lived and wrote, and preach'd the truth of God;  
 Unmoved by smiles or frowns, by gain or loss,  
 He counted all no more than dung or dross,  
 His one desire was this, his end and aim  
 To glorify the great Redeemer's Name.  
 At Jesu's feet he sat, and on his breast  
 Like favoured John was oft indulged to rest,  
 He found his bliss, and source of wisdom here,  
 And caught his spirit while he sat so near:  
 Love, heavenly love like a bright flame arose;  
 Immortal love, that no extinction knows,  
 Enlarged his generous heart and bid it flow,  
 With softest sympathy for other's woe:  
 There mild beneficence set up her throne,  
 And sweet complacence sealed him for her own:  
 The law of kindness from his lips distilled,  
 Smiled in his cheeks, and all his bosom filled;  
 And now he proves in the bright world above,  
 His heaven of heavens in a Saviour's Love.

Soft

Soft was the hand and gentle was the blow,  
 That summon'd KILHAM from this vale below :  
 He in affliction all to God resign'd,  
 He knew the hand that smote was truly kind :  
 In his last moments hear him sweetly tell,  
 The glorious truths which did his bosom swell :  
 " Tell all the world (he cries) that God is Love,  
 " His great Salvation now I fully prove,  
 " His Consolations in my soul I feel,  
 " He's working in me all his glorious will;  
 " I'll fear no evil, though thro' death I tread,  
 " In Death's deep vale he'll bear my sinking head."—  
 Death like an Angel came and beck'ning stood,  
 His willing soul took wing and soar'd to God.  
 And now from earth remov'd to yonder skies  
 How high his wonder swells, how great his joys ;  
 His large capacious soul amaz'd, can trace,  
 The God of Nature, Providence and Grace,  
 In all his wond'rous works—By Death set free,  
 From the dark vale of dull mortality ;



In realms of bliss adores his Saviour's name,  
And bows and sings Salvation to the Lamb.

THEN cease to weep ye followers of the Lamb,  
Who mourn your Pastor lately called to heaven;  
If ye revere and love his honoured name,  
Rejoice that to his hand the prize is given.

In vain the boasting Tyrant of the grave,  
Erects a Trophy o'er his sleeping clay;  
Jesus the God, omnipotent to save,  
Shall call it forth at the great rising day.

God can support his Church, his work uphold,  
Tho' Fletcher, Wesley, Kilham, all are gone:  
Israel's Great Shepherd reigns, and in his fold  
Can keep his Sheep, were human means withdrawn.

O put your trust in God—direct your prayer  
Unto the hills from whence salvation comes:  
His arm his strong, and he will make it bare,  
He'll raise up stones and make them Abraham's sons.

Then

Then check your sorrows and with steady eye,  
Behold the track your faithful Pastor trod ;  
Pursue the heavenly road that leads on high,  
And strong in Faith and Patience, walk with God.

Then when the King of terrors comes in view,  
He shall put on a smooth and smiling face ;  
He bears no terrors when he comes to you,  
But comes the messenger of Sovereign grace.

To call you from a world of sin and woe,  
To the bright realms of everlasting day ;  
Where trees of life and endless pleasure grow,  
Without deception and without decay.



